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SARAH B. UPTON.



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SKETCH
OF
THE LIFE
OF
SARAH B. UPTON.

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SARAH B. UPTON.

SARAH BIDDLE THOMSON, daughter of Peter and Rebecca Owen Thomson, was born in the city of Philadelphia on New Year's day, 1797.

Her constitution was so frail that it was only by the most vigilant care that her life was preserved through her infancy; and in later years she has been frequently heard to say that she did not remember one day without pain; so that early in the race, began the struggle between an unusually clear and vigorous intellect and a physical organization which, though possessed of much elasticity and tenacity, made her throughout her life a prey to frequent and varying attacks of disease.

When she was about five years of age, her mother was removed by death, and this loss was often alluded to as a great grief which hung over her childhood, an ever present influence, from which she could not wholly escape. Intensified it doubtless was by physical suffering, but it left an indelible impress on her character, exhibited in after years by the peculiar claim a motherless child was sure to excite on her sensitive sympathies. The loss to her, was made up as much as such a loss can be, by a devoted maternal aunt, and (later) by a beloved second mother, whose care, united to that of her aunt, surrounded her with all that affection could supply. And, belonging to a family group described by one who "considered it a privilege to mingle with them," as "religious, refined and intellectual," her own bright intellect and sprightly disposition could not in such an atmosphere, yield

in any morbid sense to depressing influences. Accordingly, in the few glimpses we have of her childhood and early girlhood, she is pictured as bright and active, eager for study and for play, and contending bravely with the headaches which would be her persistent attendants, notwithstanding the care taken to conquer them by such methods as were approved in that day, but to which methods, in later life, she ascribed some of the suffering to which she was afterwards subjected. Writes an aunt, about this period—"Sarah complains so cheerfully of her head, when she complains at all, that I hope it is not very bad."

Eldest daughter of the house, as years went on, the young "book-worm" and "walking encyclopædia," as she was playfully called, figures also as right hand woman of her delicate mother, in the care of younger children, and she it was who seems to have taken care of

them at night and through illnesses incident to childhood. To her also, as letters show, would be assigned the preparation of the summer home in the country for the family, and her judgment appears early to have developed to a degree which made her the special confident of all her family, trusted by her mother, and the companion, in his intellectual pursuits, of her father.

Of her spiritual life at this time, there is little record, as no diary has been preserved of any period of her life, and she seems as yet to have written few letters, but she frequently in after life remarked, that, as a young girl she loved best of all books—the Bible of course excepted—the lives of the early Friends, and that a "Journal," new to her, of one of the Religious Society in which she had a birthright membership, was welcomed as a treasure, and eagerly read in some quiet corner. This was

perhaps the more remarkable from the fact that her father kept abreast of the times in which he lived, and the only restriction put upon her selection of reading matter, it would appear, was his remark that if she would read no novels until thirty years of age, she might *then* read all she chose. Long afterwards, when the direction of younger minds devolved on her, she would recur to the wisdom which preserved for her the healthful intellectual taste, that, uncloyed by the unrealities and glamour of fiction, could relish the good and the beautiful in the wide realm of the True, with a pleasure far greater than the feverish excitement, called pleasure, of the devotee of imagination—a pleasure which never left her, for even in extreme age and amid physical infirmities, her mind could still grasp the topics of the day, and when at length the hour came in which sight and hearing and speech all

failed her, and her only means of communication with those about her was by motions, her physician remarked that "every motion was intelligent."

The earliest written record which has been found of her feelings about the great problem of life is contained in a letter to a young friend in the autumn of 1820—she writes—"I believe the safest and best path, in every situation, is to cast all our care upon a wise and overruling Providence, who, we may in faith believe, orders all things for our benefit. The idea that such an omniscient Power is constantly watching over us, has often been consoling to me in hours when I have felt dissatisfied with my little usefulness in the world; and the firm persuasion that we are all placed in the situation for which we are best fitted, has often taken the load from my heart, and made me rejoice in an existence which before seemed only a burden.

I believe it is quite necessary to our happiness here to feel that we are in a degree, at least, useful, and if we only add to the comfort or pleasure of one individual, we may think ourselves filling a situation in society for which we ought to be grateful." Thus, at twenty-three, she looked *onward*, and when, at more than eighty-four, on the very verge of time, the aged pilgrim took a solemn look backward on her path of life, after its many trials and provings of faith and patience, it was with the same calm trust in an overruling Power, that she testified that "the endeavor to do right saved a great deal of trouble, and secured more happiness and peace than could be gained in seeking our own gratification, instead of waiting on the Lord to find out what was right."

Naturally earnest, and active almost to intensity, it was her constant endeavor to lay her will at the feet of her Creator

and to wait for His guidance. True it was that

“She would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
She would be dealt with as a child
And guided where to go.”

True it also was, that while she would not “strain her eyes in the dark,” as was her wont to say, yet when the light did shine out of darkness, her guided activities found many channels of unobtrusive usefulness and quiet influence, productive of more fruit than she herself realized. Not that she made no mistakes—she acknowledged many—and her letters prove that she felt “the chaff must be burned with unquenchable fire, and the heart purged, before it is fitted for the impress of holiness to the Lord.” To H. and S. M. W., in 1829, she writes :

“The state, dear S., thou describes as thy allotment this winter, is, I have often

thought, peculiarly calculated to deepen and strengthen the Christian life. That is, if patiently abode under. Then we do indeed find that patience begets experience and experience, hope. And it is a hope that 'maketh not ashamed,' even a hope of acceptance with the Father through His well-beloved Son. I feel this subject to be very awful, yet I think I can say that if there is anything in which I am prepared to sympathize, it is in poverty and dryness, in feeling incapable of attaining to any good thing in meetings, and in seasons of private devotion. Ah, I know full well what it is to feel *dead* in trespasses and sins, and though I do not forget that it is the 'rebellious' who are to 'dwell in a dry land,' yet I also firmly believe that these trials of our faith are permitted for our good, for the purification of our hearts from the corruptions of our natures—that we should have more deeply im-

pressed upon us the nothingness of self, and the dependence we have upon the Source and Fountain of all good, for every good thought and feeling of the soul. Let us then have faith in God, and have it towards *ourselves*. Let us believe that all these things shall work together for *our* good. I have felt, many times, dear S., when with thee, that heavenly good was very near thee, and I have even felt ready to envy thee, and have checked the feeling. I am convinced, fully convinced, of one thing as it respects myself, that there is no progress to be gained without frequent retirement for recollection and prayer, without a constant endeavor to cherish such a state of mind as to be able to lift up the heart in desires for preservation in all circumstances and occupations.

“Yes, my endeared friends, it will avail us nothing to say we are poor and lifeless, and it seems but a form to open the

Scriptures or to put up a petition to Eternal purity and holiness. For I do believe we have more need at such times, 'to feel after God, if haply we may find Him.' We have more need to desire preservation when from under a feeling of good, than at seasons when our hearts are warmed by Divine love—and surely the desire when sincerely felt, or the endeavor when maintained amidst temptation and conflict, will find acceptance with Him who 'knoweth our frame' and who 'remembereth that we are but dust.' I believe that much is lost for want of an attention to the *very gentle* intimations that we are often favored with to draw near and worship. As we sit in our social circles, and in the midst of our most active employments, have we not felt, do we not often feel the *little* impressions that, attended to, would give ability to receive instruction, if not consolation and strength. But the Tempter

knows this, and then does he do all that he can to hinder us by presenting in rapid succession the busy thoughts that chain us to the world. How necessary then the prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil'—for—'the thoughts and imaginations of the heart are evil, and that continually.' They are, indeed, in the lines of my experience, the 'lying vanities' which day by day cheat me of the substantial food that the soul needs, to support its strength and vigor. If we had more faith, how much less trouble and anxiety, how much less care and vexation would occupy and fill up our minds than is now the attendant of our daily path, and has increasingly of latter times appeared to me to be wanting, not only individually, but in our poor Society."

Again, to the same friend she writes, "Well, dear, does the mental world still continue clouded with discouragements?

Do the trials of life and the infirmities of our nature oppress thee? Ah, let us remember that man does not live by '*bread*' alone, but by *every* word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' This one lesson I have learned by many a season of want, that the hidden root of life is often as much strengthened and nourished by a *patient* abiding under poverty and fasting, as by the more sensible enjoyment of that food which the fainting soul so ardently craves. Let us then, my beloved friend, cast all our cares and anxieties with unshaken confidence upon that all-wise, overruling Providence who ordereth all things aright—believing that trials patiently endured, blessings gratefully received, *all* things shall work together for good to those who love and trust Him."

To H. & S. M. W.—"I want just to tell you how much I have enjoyed your precious gift to-day,* and in feeling the

* Probably a Polyglot New Testament.

comfort of believing in and possessing so invaluable a treasure, my heart expands with desires that fruit may be brought forth in proportion to our great privileges. Oh my dear friends, I have need of great humiliation when I reflect how far behind I am in every Christian grace. Yet poor as I feel myself to be, there is such a rich consolation in the evidence of having chosen the service of Christ before earthly gratification, that it well deserves all we can sacrifice. The consolations of the Gospel! Yes, I feel willing to bear testimony that in deep affliction the believer has the assurance that the Judge of all the earth doeth well—in anxiety for the future there is confidence in an overruling Providence—amid the hurry and bustle of Time there is the calming influence of the ever-blessed Spirit. While musing on these things my heart felt attracted to you, and I felt sincerely desirous that we may be

helpful to one another in the little journey of life. That the love we feel for each other may be of the kind which will endure when that journey is ended.

"I wish, therefore, that we may so fix our eyes on the end of the race as to become more and more weaned from the intervening and hindering things of Time, and, through the purifying operation of regeneration, be prepared for the Lord's service, either in this world, or in a glorious eternity."

"The calming influence of the ever-blessed Spirit!" There, indeed, was the main-spring of her life—not only in the "hurry and bustle" of a youth and earlier womanhood—passed amid the manifold attractions and occupations of a large city circle, which, while it was removed from fashion and gaiety, was still most active in all matters of culture and benevolence—but also, in the after years—through long illnesses, with their forced

and uncongenial inactivity, and through periods of comparative isolation in remote country scenes, this influence shone out conspicuously, to the delight and comfort of the friends who sought her society, or enjoyed the letters she wrote or dictated to them.

Wrote, in 1876, an active educator of our day: "I wish to thank thee for thy last kind letter, for it is truly strengthening to me to be the recipient of the wise counsel which I always feel sure of getting, whether I am favored to listen to thy conversation, or am honored with a few lines from thy pen." Writes another, on hearing of her last illness, (a man now absorbed in legal pursuits, and the cares of political office, but who in boyhood passed many hours as her guest): "It is the placid close of a beneficent life. No character has ever impressed me more than hers. Such blended gentleness and strength I never

knew in any other. I owe much to her example and precepts, for which I can give her no return but my affectionate respect." From still another, after her death, comes the following: "It will be a long time ere we forget the sweet, placid face, the tender, loving heart, the intelligent conversation, the overflowing hospitality, and above all, the noble Christian faith and hope and resignation of our dear, departed friend. Her conversation and her letters always benefited me. They made me feel the emptiness of earthly things, and the reality and worth of all that lies beyond." Surely it can not be other than instructive to those still in the battle of life, to trace in the record of those who have fought and won that battle, the secret of their victory; and, in view of human frailty, to recognize the truth, that it is not by might or by power, but by "my Spirit," saith the Lord. Her own con-

fessions and the observations of those who watched her closely, showed that she too, was human, and that though the spirit was willing, the flesh was, at times, weak. But, in every trial she came off, not only conqueror through Him that loved her, and never suffered her to wander far from the leadings of His Spirit, but, through His guidance, she was enabled to grasp the true purpose of life in an uncommon degree, and to discern what to do, and what to leave undone.

But, leaving the onlook to the fruit from the bud and early flower, let us return to the period in hand. To her friends, H. and S. W., absent on a summer trip, she writes as follows, under date 7 mo. 27th, 1830: "Though I do not know where you are, or whether my letter will ever reach you, my dear friends, yet I felt best satisfied to write a few lines to you by way of remem-

brance. I do not feel any better for rather an unprofitable evening, having had C. here, saying many odd things, so that it was difficult to preserve a spirit of seriousness. I could not help contrasting it in my mind with the quietude of last evening which I passed with dear S. alone. In the depth of spiritual exercise there is more true enjoyment than in any outward communion. Perhaps I should say more true peace, for I well know that suffering is often the portion of those whose feet have been turned into the narrow way. Well, dear girls, what I wish, what I earnestly desire, is that we may not in any way hinder each other's progress in this necessary work. We, who profess so much (oh! that we may always remember it), who profess to be guided in all our actions by the unerring Spirit of Truth, how ready should we be to embrace every opportunity to seek

Divine counsel, instruction, or consolation.

“Has it become a pleasure to us to turn from outward objects, however attractive, to that still, small voice that can be heard only when the tumult of rapid thought has subsided? Or is the conflict entered upon with reluctance and from a sense of duty only? Let us press forward. I am firm in the belief that all that is wanting is more faith in the Light within, and it behooves us to pray earnestly for an increase of faith. I look with an emulous eye to that state where the mind is stayed upon this unshaken foundation, and the billows of external trouble cannot overwhelm. Such a state is ineffably lovely, for it is one of pure and holy communion, in which too, the bands of Christian fellowship are strengthened by the powerful effluence of that love which is stronger than death, and more enduring than any

natural tie. May this be our bond of union, my much loved friends; may it increase with added years through fleeting Time, and find its full fruition in Eternity. I fear my lines will be rather ill-timed, but I cannot help it—they come unbidden. Amidst the sublime, the beautiful or the grand of the Omnipotent, I trust you will find that enjoyment I wish you—an enjoyment far surpassing the thrilling enjoyment that even the worldling can feel. For, in its all-subduing power, it prostrates all the faculties of the soul at the footstool of the Creator in grateful adoration that He has gifted us with powers of perception so exquisite.”

As to the outward, so far the life of Sarah Thomson appears to have been absorbed by home-duties, and social and benevolent claims, and her favorite pursuits of reading and gardening (for books and flowers would seem to have been

her constant companions from youth to old age), and though physical suffering was often her own attendant, yet, when her health would permit, she was a frequent watcher at the bed-side of her friends, an active visitor of prisons, and a worker among the poor.

No one could possess a more keen relish for innocent social enjoyment than she, and, as a young woman, her fund of information, her love of humor and her natural vivacity, rendered her one of the most sprightly of her circle. By a New York cotemporary she was described as being, in those days, "almost like a French girl" in the gaiety of her manner, heightened by her bright, intellectual face, and dark, curling hair. That curling hair *she* felt it right to brush as smoothly back as possible, and over that native vivacity she kept watchful guard lest it might become frivolity; yet she did not stamp it out, and it never left her, but

retained its place to brighten even old age, and keep her as ready as her younger friends, to join with relish in anything really amusing or witty.

In the year 1831, an association of women—members of the Society of Friends*—was formed for the purpose of establishing an “Infant School,” and Sarah Thomson, herself a member of the Association, volunteered to take charge of the school until a suitable teacher could be found. An offer which, she said, proved a trap, for, until ten years later, when she married, no teacher was found for the position.

Though not exactly the modern Kindergarten, yet the main features of the school were very suggestive of that institution, and it is believed that, being familiar with the ideas of Frœbel, her methods of teaching were to some extent, influenced by them. Certain it is that

* See Appendix.

many of her pupils look back to that school with brightest memories, and some of them with a reverence, almost intense, to the character and influence of its teacher. And yet this feeling cannot be said to be universal, for here and there she failed to strike the key-note to some little mind and heart, and here and there she found one — though rarely — with whom probably, other teachers would have been equally unsuccessful. With the ungovernable no one could be more inflexible than she, as one delinquent discovered when, in answer to his remark, — “I do not love thee, Teacher” — she quietly replied, “Never mind, my dear, good children always love me.” Pretence or conceit could not live near her, and so severely would those qualities, or even a suspicion of them, tax her patience, that she was perhaps at times in danger of using too freely the good steel of which she was made. Doubtless, also

the sharpness of the steel was sometimes felt by pupils of another class, in whom she discovered strong natures to be trained for fields of future usefulness. And who can tell just what part her training may have had in fitting some of them for the conspicuous spheres of usefulness they now fill, for numbers of the children of that day are now, as middle-aged men and women, holding responsible positions ; and while, in the quiet of her declining years, she followed them in their careers with lively interest, her greatest satisfaction arose from the belief that, even more than to minds, to hearts her instructions had been blessed. Long will the meek and reverent air with which she referred to this on her dying bed be remembered. "I do not wish to boast," she said, "but I have a blessed hope of meeting some to whom my instructions have been blessed." Proof from various pens might be produced that her labors

were not in vain, but one letter, received by her in 1878, will fittingly picture this period of her life.

“My beloved Teacher and Friend:

“Lying awake in my own quiet room in the early dawn of this morning, my thoughts turned, as they very often do, to thee and the many sweet visions of the past, and have led me to fulfil an inclination often felt, to express once more my feelings of deep love and indebtedness to thee. I have been thinking too, of my darling brother J.’s words near the close of his short, peaceful life, in expressing the joys of his hope and trust in his dear Saviour. ‘Next to my own mother, I owe more to teacher Sarah Thomson than to any one else.’ And so, in writing once again to ‘*dear teacher Sarah,*’ it seems as though I were writing both for dear J. and myself, and seems to bring that happy past very near.

I have so often sympathized with thee in the years of suffering which have been thy portion, and if my loving thoughts could reach thee, thou would often feel that, in spirit at least, I was near thee. For thou hast always been, through all the years that have passed since my dear mother placed her little one under thy care, a frequent and beloved guest in my heart. More than forty years have passed since then, yet thy sweet counsels, given in childhood are still valued, and often return to cheer the anxieties and strengthen the faith of my maturer years. Dear teacher Sarah, I think thou little knows, how by word and example, and by thy very looks of love and faith, thou worked for thy dear Saviour, and guided thy tender lambs to Him, but when the fulness of joy in His presence shall be thy blessed portion, and thy dear eyes shall behold the King in His glory, there, I trust, thou wilt find many to whom thou

taught the sweet songs of Zion on earth, permitted, through infinite mercy, to unite with thee in singing praises, glad praises in Heaven. I felt as if I wanted to send thee a little word of cheer this morning, and I think I cannot better do it than in reminding thee of a morning in that dear Infant School room about forty years ago—a season which is often of daily remembrance with me, and of which all the circumstances seem as clearly defined as if it were but yesterday. Thou had been reading the account of our dear Saviour's crucifixion so impressively, and as thou concluded, thou raised thy face towards thy little ones and with an earnestness of look and manner, which I hope never to forget—said, 'Little children, for *every one of you*, your Saviour died.'

“Very solemn was the perfect stillness that succeeded, and although I suppose I was but six or seven years old, I re-

member the thrill of joy, solemn joy that passed through my whole being, and the thought that instantly followed in my mind, What can I do for Him? After a little pause, thou said: 'Now you may repeat the 'Hymn to the Martyrs,'' and from infant voices arose those words which have always since seemed to lift the thoughts so above mere worldly pleasure—

'Followers of the holy Jesus,
Gone without the camp with Him,
To the joys which ye inherit,
All the glare of earth, how dim,' etc.

"Very often, beloved friend, has the memory of that morning been a blessing and a help to me, and by it I have been enabled to help many dear, anxious teachers, and encourage them on their way. I have always felt that those precious words, 'Little children, for every one of you, your Saviour died,' have been more to me than all the sermons

since listened to, although I do most fully appreciate the blessings of clear Gospel ministry. I have, as it were, a little volume of photographic pictures of thy dear face, as it was in those days, in my mind, and can assure thee that it is very often looked over, and always will be while memory lasts.

“I have thee standing by the orrery, and telling us of the wonderful revolutions of sun, moon and stars—and again stooping over that wonderful (water) map, the delight of our childhood days, showing us how rivers of *real water* would run down mountains and flow into the sea,—or, by an innocent piece of flannel, inserted in the crater of our volcano, giving us the thought of the terrible grandeur of a blazing mountain. Again I see thee, with hands quietly folded on thy Bible, waiting for the active little spirits to quiet down sufficiently to receive its precious teachings—and I have

thy smile of approval when I had said my first Bible lesson correctly, and the smile is as clear and bright as it was forty-two years ago. And I have nothing but loving smiles and kind looks to remember. I have not one memory of word or deed received from thee which I think thou would wish obliterated, and I felt this morning that it was a debt of love I owed thee to tell thee this."

Thus, absorbed by her school, her home and social interests, passed another decade in this life of "Doing and Suffering." *Suffering*, for sometimes hours of the night were passed in walking the floor with pain caused by violent neuralgia.

Rarely, perhaps has any human frame had placed within it a mind less in sympathy with its ailments, and her lifelong tendency was to offer resistance, rather than to yield to disease, and while, on the numerous occasions, when obliged

to succumb temporarily, she would be as obedient as a soldier on drill, to physician and nurse, her habit of calmly resigning consequences to Him whom she loved, came to be counted on by her physician as his surest aid in the effort for her recovery, and her sick-room was a spot where he loved to pause on his rounds, for sympathy and intellectual converse. Not that there were no struggles, no new lessons to learn and no failures. Well she knew what it was to descend into the depths, but as well she knew what it was to come up from them with stones of memorial, because her reliance was on the unconquered Captain. Probably unconsciously to herself, her energies carried her beyond her physical powers, and were often the occasion of suffering, for gradually evidences of disease of the spine and functional trouble with the heart appeared, and though not at this time perhaps, in any

manner alarming to her friends, yet to her great and permanent discomfort.

Her summer vacations were sometimes passed among the mountains in search of health, or, more frequently, at Newport. From the latter resort she writes in 8 mo., 1839, to her friend H. M. W.: "Oh, for more depth, more watchfulness, more fervency of spirit! Sincerely do I reciprocate the wish, beloved friend, that the tie which links us may be one of the aids in our heavenward journey, that we may indeed be one another's helpers in the Lord. But my own weaknesses and backslidings so stare me in the face, that the breathing of my heart is more for my own preservation than for anything else. I am glad to say my sojourn here has been blessed with more of comfortable feeling in meeting than for a long time past, and I can but acknowledge the Lord indeed is good. R. sends her love.

I think we both gain strength, and yet we are nothing to boast of. We are both under Dr. E.'s care, but I have little hope from man that this poor heart will ever beat right, but do not say anything about it."

To her friend, A. E. 8 mo. 6th, 1841:
"I received thy beautiful gift and affectionate note.* * Thy request that I would write thee once more while I retain my old name, I could not well resist, though I hope when I am far away from Philadelphia and its concerns, thou wilt compassionate me sufficiently in the use of thy pen for my benefit, as to give me an opportunity to answer many a letter, and thou need not then be obliged to read over the *old* ones. There is however, I well know, a pensive pleasure in recurring to former days, especially if the recollection is not linked with any of those bitter memories which disobedience and painful chastisement will ever

imprint on the mind. Ah! it is far more sorrowful than the remembrance of the bereavement of beloved friends, where *that* has the consoling belief connected with it of eternal felicity. Time will soften the keenness of the anguish, and then there is a sweet and holy feeling which accompanies the recollection of those we have lost on earth, and an earnest desire so to live, as to be found worthy at last of a joyful admittance within those pearly gates where they have entered before us.* I have more than once felt thankful for thee, my beloved friend, that thou art favored with a secret stay to the mind, amid the conflicting feelings of nature. I well know what it is thus to experience the Saviour, to speak peace to the tumultuous waves, and feel them subside at His word, into a holy calm. It is those only

* Referring to the decease of a beloved brother of A. E. about a month previous.

who are made living witnesses of the omnipotence of His power, who can magnify His ever blessed name.

“Bear it in mind, dear A., it is not in vain that He gives any one of His creatures thus to feel his love and mercy; it is His gracious design to purify and prepare them for His work, to stand as supporters to His great cause, and I desire thou may passively submit to whatever He may require at thy hands. For many, many years after the world had lost its brightness to me, I longed only to be prepared and taken out of it. Alas! it was the spirit of rebellion, though I saw it not so then. But there came a change; my eyes were opened to behold how glorious was the Lord’s work upon earth, and what a favor to be permitted in any way to aid therein. From that time I have felt no wish to shrink from the toil or the heat of the day, but a thankful feeling that life was

lengthened out, and ability in some measure given to "work while it is called to-day." I do not speak in any wise boastingly—far from it; I have fallen far short, and am truly an unprofitable servant, but I am desirous to encourage thee thus to feel, and not to dwell unprofitably on the dark side of the present changing scene, where all we love seems of so precarious a tenure.

"My dear sister is still an invalid, though a little more comfortable to-day. Yesterday our poor Samuel discharged a greater quantity of blood from his lungs than ever before. He is now on the bed, and very weak.

"We have scarcely had one week this summer without a nursery, and added to all this, my many cares and constant occupations would, if I were to give my mind to the feelings, soon overwhelm me. How comforting at such seasons, do the words of our dear Redeemer

often prove—‘Take no thought for the morrow.’ I find it is best to leave the future, though sometimes such a rush of painful emotion comes suddenly over me as I would not feel often. It was so in our Quarterly meeting, when I just thought ‘It is the last!’ It is well there is a firm support in the belief that the path before me is of Divine appointment.

“I enclose a paper which I found to-day among some of mine, which belongs to thy aunt H. R. Wilt thou be kind enough to hand it to her, and make the best apology for me thou canst? It is no wonder I lost my wits last spring. I have had two letters this week from Dutchess County, and a kind message of love to our friends in Union Street. I will insert thine in my next letter; thou hast, I well know, his sympathy, and thou mayst rest assured, in weal or woe, of the love and sympathy of thy grateful and sincerely attached”

SARAH B. THOMSON.

To the same friend two months later she writes :—

“I do not feel as if I could let my sister and cousin return to Philadelphia without sending thee a few lines, though it be only to say how much and often thou and thy dear parents are the companions of my thoughts. And not of mine only, for thou well knowest how deeply interested my beloved companion feels in you. We have you therefore in frequent remembrance and many times speak of how pleasant it would be to have you partake with us in the social circle. The girls, who have been my most efficient helpers and cheerful companions, will soon leave us to the dual state. Dost thou think I shall be able to support my part without a secret sigh for the addition of some beloved one from my dear native city? One thing, however, I intend, that it shall be *secret*. I should indeed be ungrateful to the

kindest friend, if I were not disposed to prefer his society to any other.

“But we shall oftentimes mutually wish for some congenial mind to form a pleasing variety. I suppose thy dear mother is just about leaving home again, and I can imagine how lonely thou wilt feel, and how thy sad bereavement will afresh press upon thy heart. But my dear A., let not any repining feeling have a place there, but recur to the soul sustaining support that was mercifully vouchsafed in the hour of trial. Having the blessed assurance that thy beloved brother is centered in everlasting felicity, having escaped the sorrows and trials of a more prolonged existence in this mutable state, give him freely up, and be thankful thou hast such a sacrifice to offer. There was one expression in thy note which has dwelt ever since upon my mind, and if I had then had the time, I should have endeavored to answer it. Thou said,

‘If I could believe I was one of my Heavenly Father’s children.’ Ah! my dear young friend, I have trodden the same path, and can now look back and see how much solid comfort I deprived myself of by continuing in this doubting state. Yes, there is no substantial peace or enjoyment till we feel ourselves the children of a reconciled Father and God, through the medium of a Saviour and Redeemer. And why not believe? He has done much for thee. Thou feels His love in thy heart—thou art determined to live for Him, and to seek thy consolation from Him alone. Thou *art* one of His dear children, and thou mayest safely rely upon His arm of Divine power to lead thee safely along in the path of life, and unhesitatingly accept the comfort of His Spirit. My heart goes out towards thee, my dear, with yearnings for thy true happiness, and earnest desires for thy enlargement in every good gift.

Having myself tarried too long in the wilderness, I would fain encourage thee to act more wisely, and use greater diligence in making thy calling and election sure."

Of her approaching marriage she wrote to her friend E. E., in 9 mo. 4th, 1841. "It is, and has been, a low time with me, and I should sometimes be ready to conclude there was no good thing left me, were it not for the love and sympathy that at seasons springs freshly in my heart towards those who are advocating the one great cause. I feel thankful for this evidence of Divine regard, as I have oftentimes been for the friendship and kindness I have experienced from thee and thy dear husband, which have many a time strengthened my feeble resolve to press onward through what seemed almost insurmountable difficulties. And now, when I am about being removed so far from you, I cannot tell thee how irre-

pressibly sad I often feel in the thought thereof, till I am again made sensible that we are mysteriously led into fellow feeling with each other, even when far separated. A greater qualification for this unalloyed union is what my spirit greatly craves ; though well-knowing how much there is in me to reduce in order thereto, I am ready to shrink from the necessary refinement, knowing something of the ‘wormwood and the gall.’

My dearest friend accompanied me to Woodbury to pay a short visit to our valued J. and H. W., which was accomplished to our mutual satisfaction. We afterwards paid a few social visits to my friends in the city.

The last day of this month is fixed upon for the eventful one. * * We shall have a small, quiet wedding. * * I greatly crave that covering of spirit at such a solemn season as may be recurred to afterwards in seasons of weakness as

an evidence of Divine support. I trust we have thy prayers. It is a blessed thing to have the prayers of saints. There is much to feel in leaving home, and my dear father often touches a very tender chord in his remarks about not living to see me again."

In the year 1841, she was married to Smith Upton, who took her to his home in Dutchess Co., New York. How she viewed the great change from her active pursuits in a large city, to life on a farm among the picturesque but lonely hills, east of the Hudson river, near Poughkeepsie, she tells in a letter to H. M. W., dated 10th mo. 10th, 1841 :

"But I hear thee query, How dost thou feel in thy new abode? I can in truth reply, very peaceful; but I fear not grateful enough for the many blessings with which I am surrounded. * * I am thankful for the *home* feeling that I have been favored with, considering the great

change it is from the city to a country life. And not only *that*—the absence of so many beloved ones towards whom my heart goes out in many a musing hour, and no doubt will continue to do so. I have cause to rejoice in finding my new relatives very agreeable, as the circle here is so small, that they will be my chief resource for society abroad. But where shall I find, my dear H., any one who will supply thy place to me? I looked around in meeting and felt indeed that these are strangers! But, assured as I am without the shadow of a doubt that I am here in the ordering of Best Wisdom, I rest in the hope that I shall not long feel thus, but find in my new allotment, ability to perform the duties that may devolve upon me. Ah, my dear friend, thou knows how important it is to be found doing our day's work in the day-time, which may be, to some of us, very short. My mind has been

solemnized this evening under a feeling of the frailty of our existence here, and the need we have of Divine aid in performing even our relative duties aright. I greatly fear for myself, and crave the remembrance of my friends on my behalf, when favored with access to the fountain of mercy—and it is so consoling to believe that we can be one another's helpers in the Lord."

To the same:—"When in the society of the excellent of the earth, one thought has often arisen, whether their greater attainments would be any barrier to intercourse in another state of existence. We find *here*, the more congenial the souls, the more intimate the communion,—and there, where there must be higher and purer friendship than can be known on earth, we might suppose those who were more alike in their advancement in holiness would be the nearest friends. For we are changed

‘from glory to glory.’ But this is only one of my cogitations. While we are inhabitants of this lower world, it is wonderfully permitted to the weak and the feeble, those, who, like myself, feel themselves the very hindermost of the flock, to love very dearly those who are far before them in their heavenward journey, and to take sweet counsel with these, and find themselves thereby helped on their way. Such I have oftentimes found my case, in my intercourse with thy beloved uncle, and a line of remembrance from him would be truly grateful.”

The subject of recognition of friends hereafter, was rather a favorite one with her, but while she had a hope that it might be one of the joys in store for the redeemed, she felt that, relatively, it was not one of the chief matters that concern immortal souls, to be saved or lost, and was grieved on one occasion, when

a young mother, in a burst of grief, declared that heaven would not be heaven to her without the child which had been taken from her by death. Her real views on the point might be given in an anecdote she was fond of relating about a distinguished preacher, perhaps Whitefield, who, when asked why he did not express his sentiment, but sat silently, while it was discussed, replied that he had been thinking, that if he were permitted to enter the Pearl gates and his friends came crowding around to welcome him, his feeling towards them would be,—“Stand back, hide not my Saviour from me.”

But, to return to these first letters from “Uptonia,” (as the new abode was named by a poetical relative). It might seem strange that, with new scenes around her, and at the outset of a new life, her mind should be so filled with the “frailty of our existence,” and thoughts

of the life hereafter ; but, in the light of the events which followed, it would seem that these feelings might have been more for others than herself. Only a few years remained to the friend to whom they were addressed—that winter her father's feeling that he should see her no more, was realized ; for he passed away, and the slow communications, in winter at that time, prevented her from reaching him ; and in the summer of 1846 the invalid brother followed to his everlasting home.

Later, in this first year of the new life, as winter closed round them in the isolated home, she writes again to H. M. W.—“I find I must once more try to interest my friends with self and its concerns ; for so quietly and with so much sameness have these short winter days passed away, that nothing else scarcely has occurred than what relates to the usual routine of life—eating and

preparing to eat, a little interval of sewing or knitting, while my kind husband devours some book—a little like thy uncle, J. W.—and then the night cometh. 'Tis true, we have had storms, grand storms, when the wind seemed contending with the earth for the mastery, and now and then a pleasant day. But whether it stormed or was bright and sunny, seemed to matter little to me, for I have passed the time by the same fire-side, well contented for the most, with the society I found there, though there are seasons when my mind dwells so vividly on the friends left behind, that it is almost impossible not to wish some of them within reach."

Thus she found things, but thus they did not long remain, and Whittier might have written of *her* that

"Homes were cheerier for her sake,
And door-yards brighter blooming;
And all about the social air
Was sweeter for her coming!"

For, though at that time the steam whistle had not waked the echos among those beautiful hills, and she felt at times the inconvenience of distance from centers of supply, yet, while adapting herself with remarkable ease to country ways, and recognizing what was valuable in them, she found means to supply deficiencies, and thus their cheerful, spacious home soon became the scene of the "overflowing hospitality" truly accredited to it. The resources of her "squirrel holes," as she playfully called them, were seemingly inexhaustible for many a bright and improving social winter gathering of the good and the cultivated, who were scattered over the country for miles around; while the summer months did not fail to bring a succession of city guests to drive and ramble over the hills, and to brighten and instruct the neighborhood with stores from heart and head, and also to find in their old time co-worker,

the accomplished country housekeeper. They might have found in her also, could they have followed her, the sympathetic friend and helper, so far as her health would permit, of the poor, the afflicted and the suffering, to whom her varied stores of information, and her practical common sense were not unfrequently of great advantage. Often would she take long drives over the hills to supply some suffering poor one with appliances for relief, out of their reach, and before unknown to them.

The fame of her deeds of kindness was sometimes the occasion of rather amusing incidents. One of these which comes to mind, was the sudden appearance in her sitting-room, by a side entrance one wintry day, of a figure, robed in a quaint, old cloak, and with its head wrapped in a silk handkerchief which nearly veiled the face. Looking up from her work, as the figure advanced towards

the fire, she quietly remarked to the young girl at her side, "Is it a ghost?" with an effect which sent this latter individual out of the room to express an outburst of laughter. Meanwhile the figure sat silently by the fire, entirely indisposed to give any information as to the occasion of her visit. The suspense, however, was relieved by the appearance, after he had secured her horse, of her escort, who explained that the old lady had heard of the good deeds of Sarah Upton, and thought she might find a home for the remainder of her days under her roof, notwithstanding the fact, discovered upon investigation, that she had friends upon whom she had claims! Winter in those days among those hills, was sometimes after the fashion of "Snow Bound," but oftener the long stretches of cold weather gave good roads over the frozen snow, and the merry jingle of bells frequently an-

nounced the arrival of guests, unexpected at the time, but who knew they would find a welcome, according to the hospitable custom of the country, without special invitation.

Railroads being then more than a dozen miles distant, and hotels few and far between, it was expected that travelling ministers, or acquaintances, or friends from a distance, should find entertainment at their convenience. And if sometimes the custom might be inconvenient to the hostess, her stores were never-failing, nor yet the comfortable beds, in rooms well warmed by bright wood fires. The long evenings of intelligent conversation made a variety which well repaid the interruption, and if it happened that guests would sometimes arrive, cold and hungry at bedtime, and after servants had retired, or if they must have breakfast an hour or two before daylight, in order to make a

distant train, that too, was taken as part of the variety. If, as sometimes happened, the guests were of a description which made some of the younger members of the family wonder what subject in common could possibly be found, then too, the hostess was equal to the occasion, and she seemed to think, as Jane Taylor puts it, that "every human being is interesting."

Having no children of her own, she adopted, in 1847, two motherless little girls whose training she superintended with the greatest care, procuring for them, teachers at home, in the absence of schools within reach to which she was willing to send them. A few other children of the neighborhood were admitted, and thus a little school was established in a room fitted up in a wing of her house. By special request of the parents, a few children from other families were admitted to the Bible lessons which she,

herself, conducted on the First-day of the week. But a growing defect in her hearing brought to a close the work of instruction of the young (by lessons) always so congenial to her. In the long winter evenings, however, when the lessons were done, there was reading from instructive literary or religious works, or some animated game, in which all the grown folks took part, and on summer days she would, when able, ramble through field and forest, or row with the children on the lovely little lake which nestled at the foot of the hills and glistened through the trees in front of the house, and sometimes she would say, she thought that a happier home could not be found.

But the shadow of ill-health fell more heavily over her pleasant picture, and she thus records her struggle in a letter to her friend M. A. W.: "Our sympathies have been awakened by hearing of

the death of thy brother H's wife, and I do wish to hear how it fares with him and those dear little girls. Who will supply a mother's place to them? A loss they are too young to understand, but an irreparable one to them, unless supplied by some one who feels the responsibility of caring for and watching over immortal beings. Ah my dear M., I think I never felt it more than I do now that our children are growing to maturity, and the accountability of parents never appeared more weighty and awful. I am sure that thou wilt feel with me that my deafness has greatly increased. It occurred suddenly last summer when I was so sick with erysipelas. I awoke one morning with everything hushed and still, but it was not till some one spoke to me that I was aware of what had happened. I feel now as if it would not pass off, as I hoped it would, with the disease, and I am trying to be

resigned to perpetual solitude, but with my natural temperament, find it hard to be resigned. I can assure thee my dwelling has long been in the depths, and with very feeble health it is very easy to look on the gloomy side of things, for I find from experience, that much of the comfort of life depends upon the animal spirits, and long continued ill-health does wear upon them. How is —? Does she still continue so cheerful through all, or does she sometimes find she must look higher for help to bear the trials of a suffering body? Oh! it does seem to me that those who are favored with an admittance within the pearl gates are those whom I envy. But we are told these are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. So, let us be patient through the varied trials and afflictions of these dark days, and seek to know an

entrance into that never ending rest." The friend to whom the above was addressed had herself long been an example of patience under the privation of deafness.

To Sarah Upton this trial was all the greater from the fact that her husband had also become very deaf. But both were enabled to bear the affliction with patience and even with cheerfulness, and their home continued to be the resort of many of the good and the gifted.

To this partial privation of hearing was gradually added the partial loss of sight, and the nerves of ears and eyes being the seat of the trouble, all efforts for restoration proved unavailing. Of this added privation she writes, in 1861, to M. A. W.: "I was sorry to hear of A. U.'s accident, it was more like me than her, for my sight is so poor now that I often stumble over things, and last Fall was knocked down by horses in Pough-

keepsie, and hurt a good deal, but mercifully preserved from serious injury. The horses came out of an alley and turned suddenly round as I was crossing the street. Before I crossed, I looked both up and down the street, as I always do, and saw nothing in my way. If Providence did not watch over us what would become of us! I am a firm believer in special Providences, and I doubt not when we are favored to enter that life, which is exempt from sickness and sorrow, we shall be enabled to see many escapes and preservations in this state of trial, of which we are not now aware.

“Instead of going, as I proposed, to Philadelphia last winter I had a very severe illness with Typhoid Pneumonia, and was exceedingly prostrated and confined many weeks to bed. I hope, my dear, thou wilt be able to read this poor scrawl, my hand is weak and my sight so poor that it is quite an undertaking

for me to write a letter. As we near the end of our time here, it feels to me of little importance what we have to endure, compared to a preparation for that better country we aspire to, and our blessings are so many, that it is better to look at them, than at the thorns that obstruct our path."

Well for her, perhaps, that she could not see when she wrote the above, that twenty years were still before her, and though it soon became necessary for her to dictate her letters, and to be attended constantly in the streets, yet she regained her wonted cheerfulness, and, adapting herself to the position, her active mind still found methods for continued usefulness. Her strength too, was sufficiently restored to enable her to be the almost constant attendant of the declining years of her husband, and to watch faithfully by him through a long and painful illness, to the close of his life in 1863.

The loss of a companion so congenial, religiously and intellectually, was followed by renewed physical prostration, and severe suffering, which resulted in the entire loss of one eye. But again, after months of confinement to darkened rooms, she rallied, and again was her home opened to its various guests. Though firm and unwavering in her own convictions that the principles of the religious Society to which she belonged are primitive Christianity, and firm also in her belief that she had been guided by the Spirit of Truth out of conformity to many of the usages of the world, and also of the usages of many other Christians, like John Woolman, she could and did say, that she felt "no narrowness as to sects ;" and she numbered among her warm personal friends the earnest and sincere of various denominations, and could love all those who loved the dear Saviour, while not unfre-

quently would she say that she loved to think that the redeemed in heaven came from "every nation, kindred, tongue and people."

Of her own branch of the Church Militant she wrote thus to her friend E. E.: "As far as I am able to discover from reading the history of the Society, and the lives of many of the worthies who have gone before us, there have been, in every age of the Church, trials and difficulties of various kinds, so that in each successive generation the faithful standard bearers have been weighed down with their attendant exercises. But we see how the Lord sustained and bore them through all, and, to the praise of His grace, finally made them more than conquerors through Him that loved them. And so it will continue to be, so that amid the floods of discouragement that at seasons seem ready to overwhelm, we may yet look forward with hope that

through all we shall be kept alive, and in the end have to acknowledge that though all these things seemed against us, they have redounded to our sanctification and the glory of Him whom we desire to serve." Again—"It is no matter how weak *we* are—'the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters,' and when we are ready to say, 'All these things are against me,' even then He may be opening the way for us to some Goshen, where we shall experience the marvelous display of His overruling providence.'"

Of the works of Christians in the world at large she read and thought much, and thus writes to E. E.: "What a deplorable thing is party spirit in religious communities, and how almost all sects seem to suffer from it in the present day. Surely, a shaking is passing over the religious world, and it is a comfort that there remains a rest for the people

of God where they shall all see eye to eye." Again, "We have only to fill up our daily task of duty, be it what it may, while ability is furnished, and either in doing or in suffering, I find there is a reward of peace * * . What a mercy it is when we are favored with a right view of our own individual states, and are made willing to be as *nothing*, so that we may be found in our right allotments, and in the Lord's favor, who, I am more and more convinced, intends to lead us back from the lo! heres and lo! theres, to Himself. Oh for individual faithfulness!"

To the same—"I know of nothing more cheering in this day of declension than to see the children bending under the Cross—and life is so short that there will be no time to waste; or, rather there is none too much allowed to do our day's work in * * . Tell thy dear children for me, that it will be a great comfort in

advanced life to feel, that from our early years we have struggled on in the endeavor to do our Lord's will."

Though her heart was ever prayerfully with her own branch of the Church, and her influence in it could not have been lost, yet, prevented as she was by physical disabilities from active outside work in conjunction with Friends, her usefulness for the Master whose service she loved above all things else, was doubtless greatest in the social sphere, and in quiet deeds of charity. Towards this end her household arrangements and her disposition of time and strength, were all directed and continued to be directed after her beautiful home was destroyed by fire, and she had, with her only sister and her surviving adopted daughter, established herself for the rest of her life—as it proved—in a cottage at Woodbury, New Jersey, near Philadelphia. This locality was selected partly because

it was the residence of the mother-aunt of her childhood, now near the close of her long life, and it gave the sisters the enjoyment of her society for her few remaining days. But, for sometime before this fire—which took place in the autumn of 1868—a change of residence had been under contemplation, though she had not been able to see with clearness how to make the change. And now, though her means would have warranted a larger establishment, it was because she believed that the pointing of the Divine finger was to that cottage, that there she calmly arranged her affairs in the narrowed sphere, still with an eye to her accountability as a stewardess of time, strength and possessions.

Though thankfulness for the safety of the lives and health of her family, and for blessings left her, so filled her heart that no murmur escaped her, and she had said only, as she watched the devour-

ing flames: "My beautiful home!" and though she went unfalteringly through all the fatigue of the change of abode, yet the escape from a burning house at midnight to find herself in the morning homeless, and destitute of nearly every personal belonging, conducive to comfort, could not fail to tax severely her frail system, at seventy years of age, and the strain resulted in a long illness which virtually terminated active outside life. For the future, those only who watched her closely could know how still went forth from that cottage home, and that often darkened sick-room, substantial cheer to the struggling poor, material comforts to friends, and counsel and intellectual encouragement to old and young, as many a warm woollen wrap knitted beautifully by her when she could only feel, and not see her work, many books and toys for the little ones, many a book of reference, or other bright

and useful literature for isolated brain workers, could testify. It was surprising too, how many people that little house could hold, when she was well enough to see her friends, and how many persons she would think of to whom a sojourn with her would be a refreshment, and how brightly often, after a day in bed she would converse in the evening with some guest who had passed the day in the city, or with the kind friends who loved to gather around and keep her informed of passing events of interest, and to draw, in return, on her store-house of narrative, humor and solid information. Though she told many a quaint tale of travel in days of stage coach and canal boats, and of sojourns, in the summer rambles of her youth, at out of the way mountain Inns, where perhaps the house was innocent of teacup or goblet, and the thirsty guest would have a pan of milk with a ladle handed him, yet, unlike

many aged persons, she did not dwell in, or on the past, but went on with the age, and would laugh as heartily as the youngest, at anything really amusing in the present, and feel as much interest as any one in the latest book (if she thought there was "any bread in it") or in the latest discoveries in science. Her memory had always been remarkable, and at eighty was so retentive that she could learn and repeat long new poems; on her eighty-fourth birthday, she repeated to some friends, "Disappointment," by Frances Ridley Havergal, though she had been able to read it only by the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. Few who heard her repeat another favorite, — "In the Battle," — could ever forget it; and so associated with her is the little poem, that a sketch of her in these late years, would be incomplete without it found its fitting place here—

IN THE BATTLE.

So you are disappointed :
Life is not what it seemed
When in the morning marches
You shut your eyes and dreamed ;
And heard the far off voices
Which loudly called to you
To battle for the beautiful,
The earnest and the true.

Ah me ! how brave a soldier
You surely meant to be—
You said that many a battle-field
Your flashing sword should see !
With many a noble purpose,
With many a grand desire,
Your heart beat like a tocsin,
Your soul was all on fire.

As those, who from the mountains,
Look on the plains below,
And see the charging squadrons,
And hear the bugles blow—
So you stood, flushed and eager—
Up childhood's peaceful height
Stole sweet life's martial music,
And lured you to the fight —

And now you're disappointed !
The sun has upward climbed—
The dew is off the grasses ;
And wounded many times,
Heart-sick with varying fortunes,
Beat back by cruel foes,
You grasp your sword but lightly,
You deal but feeble blows !

My brother ! oh my brother—
Take heart, be not dismayed !
This is no mimic warfare,
No holiday parade ;
By memories of the morning,
By hopes which fired you then,
Fight till the battle closes,
Die with the bravest men !

Who knows ? Perhaps hereafter,
When honor calls her roll
You, all your life a private,
May find upon that scroll
Your name has long been graven ;
And oh, how green the palm
That Truth will give *her* heroes,
In heaven's eternal calm !

—ELLEN M. H. GATES.

But those days and evenings had an end, and the end drew surely on, more and more contracted became the sphere of her activities, till at length in the winter of 1881 her own chamber became the bound, her hands lost the power to hold longer those skilled knitting needles, and even her strong magnifying glass scarcely made clear to her fast dimming vision, the Bible in the largest type that could be found. For years she had been in the habit of listening through her ear trumpet to reading by others—a mode rendered practicable by her readiness at catching an idea—but now, gradually the poor ears failed to make even that satisfactory, and the early months of 1881 were passed in learning almost the last lesson of her life—to be idle cheerfully—and well did she perform that task, of all others the most distasteful to her nature. Sometimes it would seem to the one most constantly about her, that patience

must fail her, and that, after hours alone one must find her unhappy—but not so, rather the greeting would be as to the employment of the day, or of the welfare of absent friends, or coming on her unawares she might be found watching the coming, or the fading daylight, or repeating softly to herself some favorite verses—

“I go to life and not to death,
From darkness to life’s native sky;
I go from sickness and from pain,
To life and immortality !

“For toil, there cometh crowned rest—
Instead of burdens, eagle’s wings;
And I, even I, this life-long thirst
Shall quench at everlasting springs !”

Or that other, which told, what she rarely expressed, that the struggle and the weariness of heart did still press at times upon her—

“ My God, it is not fretfulness,
That makes me say, ‘how long?’
It is not heaviness of heart—
That hinders me in song,
’Tis not despair of truth and right,
Or coward dread of wrong.

“ But how can I, with such a hope
Of glory and of home,
With such a joy before my eyes,
Not wish the time were come,
Of years the jubilee, of days
The Sabbath and the sum?

“ These years, what ages they have been!
This life, how long it seems!
And how can I, in evil days
Mid unknown hills and streams,
But sigh for those of home and heart—
And visit them in dreams?

“ Yet peace my heart, and hush, my tongue;
Be calm my troubled breast,
Each restless hour is hurrying on
The everlasting rest—
Thou knowest that the time thy God
Appoints for thee is best.

3
3 3 3
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“Let faith, not fear, nor fretfulness
Awake the cry ‘how long?’
Let no faint-heartedness of soul
Damp thy aspiring song;
Right comes, truth dawns, the night departs
Of error and of wrong.’”

—HORATIUS BONAR.

About the middle of Second month she had a severe attack of bronchitis, and though the disease was overcome, her powers were exhausted, and she sank slowly but surely, being unable from that time to leave her bed. During the earlier stages of her illness she remarked that she had not seen clearly that it was to be her last sickness, that if there were more work for her to do she should get well, if not she should go; but she had a quiet and peaceful mind and was not afraid to die. But, as weeks passed on, she began to regard the end as near, and to be earnest to finish the work yet to do for her friends, while at times it

was evident that her mind was occupied with a searching retrospect of her own life. One day she said that "a long life ought to be a *finished* life," and to the remark that we thought hers a finished life, she replied, "Not altogether, I have made many mistakes, but if they have been forgiven, it will not matter." Later it seemed as if she were done with her own past, and she said, "Thanks be unto Him who gives the victory over death, hell and the grave, I can truly say I have no fear of death or the grave." Thus, with a soul at peace, her mind was filled with thoughts of "the glory to be revealed," and with loving care and concern for her friends, and as they came singly, or in groups about her bed, they received from her counsel, and blessings which numbers of them will never forget. Three of those who thus surrounded her have since followed to their eternal home, and some sense of this seems to have been

given to her, for she said, and then repeated the remark with emphasis, "I feel as if it would not be long before some of us meet again."

"Long at her couch death took his patient stand," and with perfect consciousness she watched him do his work, and though she expressed her desire to go when it was "the Lord's time," she bore every added discomfort or privation with a gentle "Never mind," or "No matter." For about two weeks she took no food, and when, principally to satisfy her friends, she had made the effort in vain to do so, she said, "*There* the Lamb shall feed them, and shall lead them to fountains of living waters." And thither, on the 3d of 7 mo. 1881, it is reverently believed by those who watched her through the dark valley, did He lead her; to that home where there are no more tears. Long as that life had been, and bright as was its close, not exactly

can survivors join in the lines marked by her—

“Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears ;
Write the day of my departure
Festive in your coming years!”—

but they can say, in the words of a dear friend, that she was “one who had in every respect filled the measure of her days with usefulness. The rich fragrance which clusters around the long years of her precious life, so rich in good works and kind acts, is delightful. A life so completely rounded, and full of abiding simple faith in her Saviour, leaves no feeling of regret for us, save that we miss the gentle voice, and words of comfort she was always wont to speak. She has entered into her reward like a shock of corn fully ripe, and the one comforting thought we have, is that we may be permitted to follow her.”

APPENDIX.

Some Friends, feeling the importance of early religious instruction, and anxious to promote this desirable object, have associated for the purpose of establishing a first school for children in the ensuing Fall. It is designed for the children of such Friends as may wish to educate their offspring in the guarded manner so essential to our well-being as a religious Society. It is intended that the school shall be conducted consistently with our principles and testimonies, and it will be a chief object to endeavor to instill into the tender minds of the pupils the "love of the Truth as it is in Jesus." Experience has proved that very young children are capable of receiving much useful information, and many improvements have, of latter time, been introduced in the manner of imparting knowledge to the infant mind, which renders learning a pleasurable pursuit. As the necessary expenses in estab-

lishing such a school upon a liberal plan will be more than the moderate price of tuition will be likely to supply, it is hoped that the proposition will meet with the cordial support with all those who are interested in the best welfare of the youth.

—*The Friend*, 8 mo. 6, 1831.

[FOR THE FRIEND.]

Philadelphia, 9 mo. 28th, 1831.

The School Association of Women Friends expect to open their Infant School early in the Tenth month. The house they have taken for the purpose is in a central situation, and has a pleasant play ground adjoining. A suitable teacher has been obtained and a careful Friend is also engaged as an assistant teacher, who will reside in the house, and will extend a motherly care over the children, both during the school hours and in the interval between school, to such as may bring their dinners. After what has been already published in "The Friend," it seems almost unnecessary to add

that it is hoped parents will so far co-operate with the views of the Association as to clothe the children, they may send, in simple attire. The terms may be known by application to either of the following Friends, who are a committee of admission :

CATHERINE W. MORRIS, 56 N. Fourth St.

SARAH B. THOMSON, 197 Mulberry St.

MARY W. DAVIS, 278 N. Fifth St.

MARY WHITALL, S. E. Cor. Race and 7th Sts.

ELIZABETH EVANS, 134 S. Front St.

REBECCA ALLEN, 180 S. Second St.

DEBORAH HOWELL, 148 S. Ninth St.

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